

# The Mirror

OF

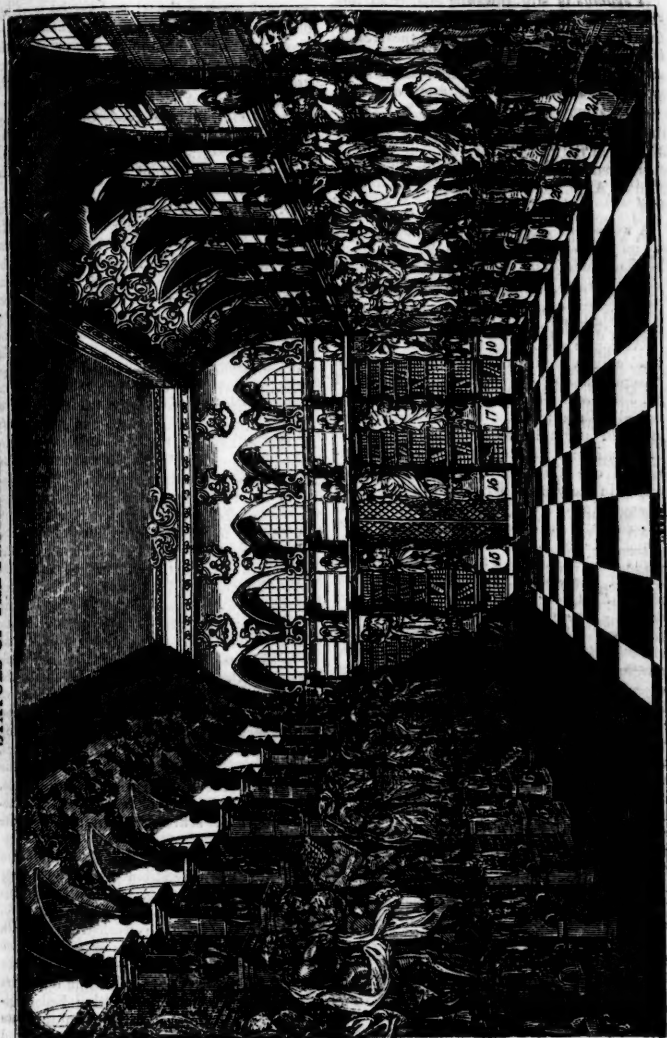
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 734.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1835.

[Price 2d.]

STATUES OF THE PROTESTANT REFORMERS,



IN THE LIBRARY OF THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN AND ST. PAUL, AT VENICE.

### STATUES OF THE PROTESTANT REFORMERS.

In our last Number, (p. 87,) we adverted to these statues, as masterly specimens of sculpture in wood, by Andrea Brustolini, the most celebrated of the Venetian artists, or carvers. They were designed as supports for a sort of heavy buttress, projecting from the wall of the library of the church of St. John and St. Paul, at Venice; their office being somewhat similar to that of Caryatides, or Perses, as male figures are denominated.\*

The history of these statues and their artist is involved in some obscurity. It is supposed that they existed about the middle of the seventeenth century. One authority states Andrea Brustolini to have been born at Belluno, in the year 1755. "But," observes Mr. R. F. Williams, "the date must be a mistake, (probably 1655); for Montfaucon, whose work was published in 1702, describes the sculptures with which Brustolini adorned the library of the church dedicated to St. John and St. Paul, at Venice."

Although we have spoken of the architectural employment of these statues, their main design remains to be noticed. The church of St. John and St. Paul, at Venice, was enriched with a multitudinous assemblage of works of art, and possessed a library, which, in its original state, might have been considered one of the most extraordinary apartments in the world. By reference to a series of engravings in the possession of Mr. W. H. Brooke, and illustrating all that was most remarkable in the city of Venice, Mr. Williams has been enabled to ascertain the position of the statues, and the object with which they were placed there. The grand design of the artist in the erection, or rather the embellishment, of the library, was to show the triumph of the Roman Catholic religion over all its opponents. With this object in view, statues, rather larger than life, exhibited the persons of the most noted "heretics," as they were called, in different positions, wearing chains, emblematic of their subjection, and in loose drapery or ragged vestments, to denote their disreputable condition. These figures were ranged round the room, at regular distances from each other; and each pedestal on which the single statue is standing, bears a representation of the face and body of that individual, writhing in the agonies of a state of eternal suffering. "Upon the breasts of these devoted victims, inscriptions have been carved in Latin,

\* Caryatides are female supporting figures, and Perses male. There are, likewise, other female figures, carrying on their heads baskets of flowers: these are called Cane-phoræ. A specimen may be seen in the Second Room of Greek and Roman Sculptures, at the British Museum; which, in the Synopsis, is erroneously referred to as a Caryatide. Still more accessible specimens may be seen in the wings of St. Pancras' church, in the New Road.

stating their names, their countries, their offences against the Church, the years signalized by their heresies, and the names of those orthodox advocates, who, in the opinion of the Catholics, proved the falsehood, and defeated the arguments, of the schismatics. Beneath each pedestal appear the writings of the heretics, burning in continual flame—above the head of the statue is seen the figure of a child, or angel, apparently much gratified with the torments inflicted on the Protestants; and above each angel is a portrait, possibly of the good Catholic, whose arguments, it has been stated, confounded the heretic. The statues, with their pedestals, were carved out of solid masses of the wood of the chestnut tree."

Of the merits of these statues we have but space to furnish the reader an outline. Mr. Williams has done justice, though not more than justice, to them; for, we willingly subscribe to the highest of his praise—that "Brustolini's statues are the result of a perfect knowledge of the resources of art, made subservient to as intimate a familiarity with the resources of nature."—"If ever the sublime was approached, it is seen in these sculptures. When we bring into consideration the wonderful variety of expression in the countenances—the surprising boldness and beauty in the arrangement of the drapery, equally varied—the extraordinary life-like energy and majesty visible in the position of the limbs, in no two instances placed in the same posture—the vastness of the sculptor's design, his fidelity to nature in all its details—the material upon which he worked, and the difficulties he must have had to surmount before he completed his conception, it is impossible to avoid bestowing a prodigal share of praise on the genius of Brustolini, while a disposition is felt to regard his productions as perfect miracles of art. The pedestals divide admiration with the statues; for the distortion of the features under the action of the most intense suffering—the scorched appearance of the flesh, enduring the burning heat of the damned—the flames and snakes, that occupy on the head the place of the hair—and the shrivelled arms and hands, that hang helplessly on each side, are executed with a semblance of reality quite startling.

"It is not improbable that the superiors of the church of Rome afforded the artist every facility towards successfully completing his design. It was to show the supremacy of their religion that he worked; and with such an object in view, it is easy to imagine that they assisted heart and hand in the labour. A great proportion of the reformers of the Roman Catholic doctrine had originally been its professors, living on intimate terms with its most influential prelates, and possessing their unlimited confidence. Their

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persons were known, their habits notorious. Such general knowledge of these men must have much assisted the artist. When he could not get to see the originals, it is likely that portraits were obtained for him; and by comparing Brustolini's statues of Erasmus, Luther, Melancthon, and others, with the authentic portraits of these distinguished Protestants, a considerable resemblance will be observed; although one certainly not favourable to the reformers. In this comparison, the fact must be borne in mind, that the design was to flatter the church of Rome at the expense of the Protestants; 'the heretics,' therefore, are made to appear as unprepossessing as possible."

It may appear extraordinary that Brustolini's statues should not have been noticed by recent travellers in Italy; until the declining despotism of the Pope, and the insignificance of Venice be considered. The church and libraries have been generally closed to travellers: no Protestant was allowed admission to the library of the church of St. John and St. Paul; and we are indebted to the research of the orthodox Montfaucon for any mention of its riches. The world was kept in almost total ignorance of Brustolini and these statues, until Buonaparte, during his occupation of Venice, struck with the masterly execution of the sculpture, had the figures conveyed to Paris. They were conveyed back to Venice at the general restoration of the spoil of the Italian cities; but the Dominican fathers of the church, knowing that the heretics had already been very troublesome, and having discovered that their library was quite as useful, deprived of the statues, they privately sold them, and had them shipped off for England. After having been so long hidden from the public eye, they now form one of the most attractive exhibitions in London. \*

The statues are twenty-five in number; the inscriptions on the pedestal are in monkish Latin: Mr. Williams has freely translated them; but we have only space for the names, as follows: \*

- |                          |                        |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Anna Burgius          | 14. John Calvin        |
| 2. Ulrich Zuinglius      | 15. Martin Luther      |
| 3. Justus Velsius        | 16. Desiderius Erasmus |
| 4. Memmo Simon           | 17. Philip Melancthon  |
| 5. William of Schafhaus  | 18. Anthony Leger      |
| 6. John Bugenhag         | 19. John Brentius      |
| 7. Louis of Newrenberg   | 20. Louis of Nuremberg |
| 8. William des Amore     | 21. Moses Gerundensis  |
| 9. Sebastian Polonus     | 22. Isaac Genius       |
| 10. George Bingham       | 23. Philip de Mornay   |
| 11. Constantine Fontaine | 24. Peter Pomponatius  |
| 12. Matteo Gribaldi      | 25. Theodore Beza      |
| 13. Bernardine Ochinus   |                        |

—Of the whole number, Luther, Erasmus, Melancthon, and Calvin, will be most popularly recognised by their identity with well-known portraits of those Reformers.

It may be interesting to add that the

• Only twenty-two are shown in the Engraving.

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church of St. John and Paul, according to Milizia, was built towards the close of the fifteenth century, from the design of a celebrated Venetian sculptor and architect, Pietro Lombardo. It was in the Greek style, having in its exterior the Corinthian and Ionic orders divided into arches, supporting an entablature, and above this a circular pediment richly ornamented; it was built in a quadrangular form, with a raised chapel at the termination. Its walls were enriched by architects, sculptors, and painters of the first eminence. Among its beautiful sepulchres was that of Leonardo Loredano, a patriot, who, in the war of Cambray, sacrificed his property and his children, in defence of his country. Amidst its pictorial embellishments were St. Peter, the Martyr, by Titian; the Crucifixion, by Tintoretto; the representation of Paradise, by Giacomo Palma; and Christ banquetting with the Levites, by Paul Veronese. In the year 1696, eighteen Doges had been entombed within this famed church. "Among other monuments, there is one which contains the skin of the famous M. Ant. Bragadino, Governor of Famagusta, who, after this city had been taken by assault, was most cruelly tormented by his barbarous captor, Mustapha, and, ultimately, flayed alive. The skin was then stuffed with hay, and sent to the arsenal of Constantinople; and, when it had remained there five and twenty years, was ransomed by the brother and children of the martyr.\* A picture on this subject, by the hand of Gioseffo Alabardi, ornaments the tomb."

Brustolini's statues were not the only objects of art in the church, describing the triumph of the Catholics over the Dissenters. In the new refectory, there is or was a painting by Gioseffo Enzo, representing St. Dominic preaching to the Lutherans and other infidels; and, in the same place, another of the Saint disputing with the heretics, by Giovanni Buconsigli. By this artist, there is also, in the same church, a picture of St. Thomas, who instructs, and sitting in the pulpit, disputes with many heretics. And, over the door, Odoardo Fialetti has painted the manner in which St. Dominic, to the confusion of the Albigensian heretics, puts his book into the flames three times, and it remains unburnt.

We have condensed these details mainly from Mr. Williams's work on Sculpture in Wood, noticed generally in our two preceding Numbers. The prefixed Engraving has been reduced by Mr. W. H. Brooke, from the work descriptive of Venice, already stated to be in that gentleman's possession; and we add, with pleasure, that minute attention to detail and character, distinguishes his execution of this somewhat difficult labour.

• A New Voyage to Italy, by Maximilian Misson.

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They are now in the Vestibule of Ollantigh Tower, near Canterbury

1812. A.B. 516

## THE INFERNAL MACHINE.\*

DIABOLICAL as was the recent attempt upon the life of the King of the French, the atrocity has its parallel, and that in the history of France within the present century; to which we may revert for the interest of our readers generally, and especially of those who pay attention to the parallelism of events in the records of human character. It need scarcely be added that the occurrence to which we intend to refer is the attempted assassination of Napoleon, by means almost precisely similar to those plotted for the destruction of Louis Philippe.

It was in the year 1800, a few months after Buonaparte had been confirmed First Consul, and had achieved his showy exploit of the passing of the Great St. Bernard, and the splendid victory of Marengo, where fortune loaded him with all kinds of favours, at the very moment when his enemies considered him lost for ever. This sudden triumph disconcerted the designs of his foreign enemies, and of some of them at home; but, in the interior of France, Buonaparte was exposed to the plots of demagogues and hostile royalists. In their eyes he was the common enemy. The vigilance of the police, with Fouché at their head, (Fouché, not only a spy upon the people in behalf of Buonaparte, but a spy also on Buonaparte himself,) far from discouraging the anarchists, appeared to imbue them with more audacity and vigour. Their leaders sometimes assembled at the house of a *limonadier*; sometimes at Versailles; and at other times in the garden of the Capucins, organizing insurrection, and already devising a provisional government. Determining to bring the matter to a conclusion, they proceeded to desperate resolutions. One of them, named Chevalier, a man of delirious republicanism and atrocious spirit, who had been employed in the great artillery magazine at Meudon, to devise means of destruction by gunpowder, first conceived the idea of destroying Buonaparte by means of an "infernal machine," stationed on his road. Stimulated by the applause of his accomplices, and still more by his native disposition, Chevalier, seconded by a man named Veycer, constructed a kind of barrel, hooped with iron, furnished with nails, and loaded with gunpowder and case-shot, to which he affixed a firmly adapted and loaded battery, to be discharged at any given mo-

\* In France, this name has been applied to destructive machines differing materially in construction: as a barrel filled with gunpowder, &c., and a row of musket barrels, the latter being the engine of the recent attempt, but no new invention. "The ancient artillery used a weapon much more perfect, though upon the same principle. It consists of many musket barrels placed in succession upon the same stock; the touch-holes communicating with each other, so that the whole may be fired off at once."—*Morning Herald*. This machine is to be seen in the *Musée de la Marine*, at Paris.

ment by the aid of a match held by an engineer, who must himself be sheltered from the effects of the explosion.

The work proceeded rapidly; all the conspirators exhibiting an impatience to blow up, by means of the Infernal Machine, "the little Corporal," a name which they gave to Buonaparte. This was not all: the most daring of them, with Chevalier at their head, had the audacity to make an experiment of the Machine among themselves. During the night of the 17th of October, the chief conspirators proceeded to the back part of the convent of *la Salpêtrière*, believing themselves in that place secure from detection. There the explosion was so violent, that the conspirators themselves, seized with terror, dispersed. As soon as they had recovered from their first alarm, they deliberated on the effects of the horrible invention: some considered it well adapted to effect their purpose; others, (and Chevalier was of this opinion,) thought, that as it was not the object of their plot to destroy many persons, but to secure the destruction of one, the effect of the Infernal Machine depended on too many hazardous circumstances. At length, Chevalier decided, as preferable to the Machine, the construction of a kind of incendiary bomb, which, being hurled against the First Consul's carriage, would destroy it by a sudden and inevitable explosion. Accordingly, Chevalier again set himself to work.

But the nocturnal experiment had already attracted Fouché's attention; and the boast of the conspirators transpiring from one to another, very shortly drew the whole police after their heels. The greater part of the secret intelligence received by Fouché, referred to the Infernal Machine. The wily Minister of Police consulted his notes, and felt assured that Chevalier was the principal artificer of the death-dealing contrivance. He was found concealed on November 8, and arrested, with Veycer, in the *Rue des Blancs Manteaux*; all those suspected to be their accomplices being taken at the same time. Powder and ball were also found; the fragments of the first Machine, and a rough model of the incendiary bomb; in short, all the materials for the deadly work. But no confession was to be obtained, either by menaces or bribes.

Such is Fouché's account of the invention of the Infernal Machine; or, rather, the account in the work purporting to be the Autobiography of Fouché; for, we believe, its identity has been disproved. Sir Walter Scott impugns the probability of the entire story, adding, "yet it would seem it must be partly true, since the attempt by means of the Infernal Machine was at first charged upon the Jacobins, in consequence of Chevalier's being known to have had some scheme in agitation, to be executed by simi-

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In Fouché's *soi-disant* Memoirs, the writer continues: "It will naturally be believed after this discovery, that the life of Buonaparte would be secure against means so atrocious and attempts so perverted. But the other hostile party, (the Royalists,) following the same object by the same intrigues, already conceived the scheme of robbing the demagogues of the invention of the Infernal Machine." Sir Walter Scott objects to this as the least probable part of the story, observing, "it does not appear by what means the Royalists became privy to the Jacobin plot." The other writer, however, adds: "Nothing is more extraordinary, and nevertheless, more true, than this sudden change of actors on the same stage in order to perform the same tragedy. It would appear incredible, did I not myself retrace its secret causes, as they successively appear to classify themselves in my own mind." He then refers to Georges Cadoudal, the most inveterate of all the unsubjected chiefs of Lower Brittany, who, informed by his correspondents at Paris of the irritation and the reviving plots of the popular party, sent thither, towards the end of October, his most confidential officers, as Limolan, St. Régent, Joyaux, and Haie Saint-Hilaire. It is even probable that he had already conceived, or adopted, the idea of borrowing the Infernal Machine from the Jacobins; of which invention his agents had furnished him information. In the disposition of the public mind, and of the Government also, this crime, originated by Royalists, did not fail of being ascribed to Jacobins; besides the Royalists were, at all events, in a condition to gather the harvest of the crime; while a combination so audacious appeared more especially political. Such was the origin of the attempt believed to have been made by the agents, or, rather, the delegates, of Georges.

As we have already quoted the details of the affair from the work said to be written by Fouché,\* we prefer Sir Walter Scott's account. The contrivance was "a machine consisting of a barrel of gunpowder, placed on a cart to which it was strongly secured, and charged with grape-shot so disposed around the barrel, as to be dispersed in every direction by the explosion. The fire was to be communicated by a slow match. It was the purpose of the conspirators, undeterred by the indiscriminate slaughter which such a discharge must occasion, to place the machine in the street through which the First Consul was to go to the Opera, having contrived that it should explode, exactly as his carriage should pass the spot; and, strange to say, this stratagem, which seemed as uncertain as it was atro-

cious, was within an hair's breadth of success."

Sir Walter Scott dates the evening, October 10, 1800, when "Buonaparte has informed us, that though he himself felt a strong desire to remain at home, his wife and one or two intimate friends insisted that he should go to the Opera. He was slumbering under a canopy when they awaked him. One brought his hat, another his sword. He was in a manner forced into his carriage, where he again slumbered, and was dreaming of the danger which he had escaped in an attempt to pass the river Tagliamento some years before. On a sudden, he awaked amidst thunder and flame.

"The cart bearing the engine, which was placed in the street St. Nicaise, intercepted the progress of the Chief Consul's coach, which passed it with some difficulty. St. Régent had fired the match at the appointed instant; but the coachman, who chanced to be somewhat intoxicated, driving unusually fast, the carriage had passed the machine two seconds before the explosion took place; and that almost imperceptible fraction of time was enough to save the life which was aimed at. The explosion was terrible. Two or three houses were greatly damaged, twenty persons killed, and about fifty-three wounded; among the latter was the incendiary St. Régent. The report was heard several leagues from Paris. Buonaparte instantly exclaimed to Lannes and Bessieres, who were in the carriage, 'We are blown up!' The attendants would have stopped the coach, but with more presence of mind he commanded them to drive on, and arrived in safety at the Opera; his coachman during the whole time never discovering what had happened, but conceiving the Consul had only received a salute of artillery."

We now return to the Memoirs. Anticipating the opera, all followed Buonaparte's carriage; and, on his return to the Tuileries, there opened a scene, or rather an orgy, of blind and furious passions. On Fouché's arrival thither, for he hurried there without delay, he calculated from the glances of the court-adherents and councillors that a storm was about to burst upon his head, and that the most unjust suspicions were directed against the police. For this result, Fouché was prepared, and determined not to suffer himself to be put down by the clamour of the courtiers, nor the apostrophes of the First Consul. "Eh bien!" exclaimed he, advancing towards me with a countenance inflamed with rage; "Eh bien! you will not now pretend to say that these were Royalists."—"Yes," replied Fouché, with perfect presence of mind, "beyond a doubt I will say so; and, what is more, I will prove it."

Fouché's reply, at first, caused universal

\* See Mirror, vol. v. p. 147.



astonishment; but, the First Consul repeating with more and more bitterness, and with obstinate incredulity, that the horrible attempt just directed against his life was the work of a party too much protected and not sufficiently restrained by the police; in short, of the Jacobins—"No," replied Fouché, "it is the work of the Royalists, of the Chouans; and I only require eight days to furnish the demonstration." Having thus obtained some attention, Fouché justified the police and exonerated himself from personal responsibility, and attributed the whole to "the emigrants, the Chouans, the agents of England;" and with a respite of eight days, the Minister of Police felt confident of supporting his statements. Fouché had soon, in fact, possession, by means of the single bait of 2,000 louis, of all the designs of the agents of Georges. He was apprized, that on the day of the explosion and the day following, twenty-four chiefs of the Chouans had clandestinely arrived in Paris, from different quarters, and through by-ways; that if all these were not in the secret of the meditated crime, they, at least, were in expectation of some great event, and were all supplied with a pass-word. At length, the true author and instrument of the attempt were revealed to Fouché, and the proofs accumulating in a few days, he triumphed.

Fouché was next ordered to provide a list of the demagogues and anarchists in worst repute at Paris; with difficulty, he saved some forty of the proscribed, whom he caused to be struck out of the list before the publication of the decree, authorizing the transportation into Africa of nearly 130 of the chiefs of the broken faction of the Jacobins. Among these were several names which belonged to the celebrated Reign of Terror, and had figured in the rolls of the National Convention.

"These men were so generally hated, as connected with the atrocious scenes during the reign of Robespierre, that the unpopularity of their characters excused the irregularity of the proceedings against them, and their fate was viewed with complacency by many, and with indifference by all. In the end, the First Consul became so persuaded of the political insignificance of these relics of Jacobinism, (who, in fact, were as harmless as the fragments of a bomb-shell after its explosion,) that the decree of deportation was never enforced against them; and Felix Lepelletier, Chaudieu, Talot, and their companions, were allowed to live obscurely in France, watched closely by the police, and under the condition that they should not venture to approach Paris.

"The actual conspirators were proceeded against with severity. Chevalier and Veycer, Jacobins, said to have constructed the original model of the Infernal Machine, were tried

before a military commission, condemned to be shot, and suffered death accordingly.

"Arena, Ceraschi, Le Brun, and Demerville, were tried before the ordinary court of criminal judicature, and condemned by the voice of a jury; although there was little evidence against them, save that of their accomplice Harel, by whom they had been betrayed. They also were executed."

The trial relative to the explosion of October 10, came on later; in order to complete the details of which Fouché had possessed himself of the necessary proofs. There was no longer any doubt of the quarter from whence the crime originated. It was in evidence that one Carbon had bought the horse and wagon, in which the Infernal Machine had been placed: it was equally proved that he and St. Régent had taken back the same wagon: had provided the casks; brought the baskets and boxes filled with small shot; and, in short, that St. Régent having fired off the machine, had been wounded by the effect of the explosion. Carbon and St. Régent were, accordingly, condemned and put to death. Some persons tried for the same offence were acquitted; and thus ended the fate of the Royalists detected in the plot.

In the Memoirs, it is observed, that the analogy between these different attempts caused a presumption that some understanding had existed between their authors, although of different parties. The only analogy, in reality, was the common hatred, which induced both to conspire against the same obstacle; nor were there any other relations between them than those of a secret agency, which rendered the Royalists acquainted with the terrible instrument projected by the Jacobins for the destruction of Buonaparte.

#### LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD.

A HYMN FOR SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

By M. L. B.

"—which have borne the burthen and heat of the day."

THE weary day is done, brother!  
The day is well nigh done;  
Behind the western mountains,  
Slow sinks the redd'ning sun:  
That sun which dazzling, scorching,  
Late made us groan and bow;  
But feeble is he, rayless,  
And cannot harm us now.

THE weary day is past, brother!  
That day, in which the storm,  
Also too rudely shatter'd  
Each fragile, shrinking form;  
Hush'd is the wild wind's howling,  
Still'd is the thunder's roar;  
And lightnings, wing'd and wrathful,  
Shall never scathe us more!

THE weary day is done, brother!  
The day is almost done,  
In which we've wept and labour'd,  
'Neath tempest, cloud, and sun;

\* Scott's Life, vol. iv. p. 323.

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In which we've toil'd, we've suffer'd,  
And felt, how blest are they,  
Who, ere dim eve advances,  
Our MASTER calls away!

The weary day is o'er, brother!  
That day, in which we've kept  
Strict watch in arms, lest foemen  
Should seize us as we slept:  
They came, they found us wakeful,  
But strength not ours, hath slain,  
Or far dispers'd the Legion,  
We may not fear again!

The weary day is done, brother!  
The day is all but done,  
In which, conflicting boldly,  
The victory we've won:  
Yet, but for him, our MASTER,  
Who lent us arms and power,  
In heart and frame too feeble,  
Where had we been this hour?

The weary day is past, brother!  
That day in which they fled,  
(Mistrusting and abjuring,  
Their LIVING ARM AND HEAD,  
Whose senseless hearts were craving  
The pleasures of that band,  
Foes to the toilsome vineyard,  
Foes to the Glorious Land!

The weary day is done, brother!  
The day indeed is done;  
Night's shadows,—coolness,—quiet,—  
Descend on ev'ry one:  
Rejoice! we ne'er shall languish  
Nor toil again, nor roam,  
For hark! our MASTER cometh,  
To bear us to His Home!

## NOTES ON SOME NATURAL HISTORY WORKS.

(Continued from page 20.)

### 4. NEWMAN'S GRAMMAR OF ENTOMOLOGY.

THOUGH there is wanting an Entomological Dictionary, and Entomology made Easy, yet beginners in entomology have now nearly every kind of elementary book necessary for their study. There is Rennie's *Alphabet of Insects*, Kirby's, and also Priscilla Wakefield's *Introduction to Entomology*, Pinnock's *Catechism of Entomology*, Shuckard's *Manual of Entomology*, and Newman's *Grammar of Entomology*. The young zoologist must now say, "Grammar is divided into four parts; namely, ornithology, entomology," &c.

To be serious, however, Mr. Newman's *Grammar of Entomology* we have thoroughly perused and examined, and, we think, there is no work in the English language so deserving of the title. It is illustrated by four steel plates, two of which are beautifully and accurately coloured.

*Earwig*, p. 65.—Mr. Newman observes that the earwig's wings, when fully expanded, are in shape precisely like the human ear, from which circumstance, he says, "it seems highly probable that the original name of the insect was earwing, and not earwig, which appears to be entirely without a meaning."

Bailey, in his *Dictionary*, says the word is derived either from the Saxon *earpigg* or the Teutonic *ohrwurm*.

"*The Stag-beetle feeds on the sap of plants.*"—(p. 226.) In the *Entomological Magazine*, mention is made of a stag-beetle, that bit a man's finger, and then drank the blood that flowed from the wound. Our intelligent friend, Mr. Blyth, lately told us of his having shot a bird that had a stag-beetle adhering to its body.

*Entomological Books*, (p. 288).—In Mr. Newman's list of British books descriptive of the order Lepidoptera, (the butterflies, moths, and sphinxes,) is omitted one very useful work, of which several numbers are already published—we allude to Wood's *Index Entomologicus*, or *Illustrated Catalogue of British Lepidoptera*.

*Entomological Societies*, (p. 298).—In his chapter recording the societies of entomology, Mr. Newman has quite overlooked the Entomological Society of Birmingham, of which a notice may be found in the *Field Naturalist*, (vol. i. p. 91.)

### 5. RENNIE'S FACULTIES OF BIRDS. PART 2.

We noticed the first part of this work in the *Mirror*, vol. xxiv. p. 345.

*Lapwing*, (p. 203).—Here is introduced, from M. Antoine's *Animaux Célèbres*, an anecdote of a lapwing, "which a clergyman kept in his garden. It lived chiefly on insects; but, as the winter drew on, these failed, and necessity compelled the poor bird to approach the house, from which it had previously remained at a wary distance; and a servant hearing its feeble cry, as if it were asking charity, opened for it the door of the back kitchen. It did not venture far at first, but it became daily more familiar and emboldened as the cold increased, till, at length, it actually entered the kitchen, though already occupied by a dog and a cat. By degrees, it at length came to so good an understanding with these animals, that it entered regularly, at nightfall, and established itself at the chimney-corner, where it remained snugly beside them for the night. But, as soon as the warmth of spring returned, it preferred roosting in the garden; though it resumed its place at the chimney-corner the ensuing winter. Instead of being afraid of its two old acquaintances, the dog and the cat, it now treated them as inferiors, and arrogated to itself the place which it had previously obtained by humble solicitation."

As we think with Mr. Rennie, that "nothing is more interesting than comparisons between animals of different species with reference to similar circumstances," (p. 210,) we have extracted this anecdote to compare it with one we have related in the *Mirror*, (vol. xxiii. p. 147,) of a pigeon, who having become a domestic bird, used, like this lap-

wing, to make the dog and cat yield to his caprice. (See onward, page 111.)

*Hedgehog's winter covering of leaves*, (p. 205.)—"The hedgehog, so far as we are aware, has not been observed in the act of forming this covering of leaves, though it is supposed to roll itself about till its spines take up a sufficient number, in the same way as it is popularly believed, (without proof,) to do with apples."

Blumenbach states that he was assured "by three credible witnesses," that hedgehogs so gather fruit; but Buffon, who kept several for observation, declares they never practise any such habit.

*Hare*, (p. 208.)—"It may be true, as the older naturalists affirm, that hares never feed near home; "either," says Gesner, "because they are delighted with foreign food; or else, because they would exercise their legs in going; or else, by secret instinct of nature, to keep their forms and lodging places unknown."

It is observable that rooks, when in need of food, generally repair to some distance from their rookeries to obtain it.

Southwark. 14<sup>th</sup>.

J. H. F.

### Domestic Hints.

#### INFECTION.

(To the Editor.)

I KNOW not whether the following anecdote be printed or not; I have only recently heard it; but the fact, and the warning it conveys, have made so strong an impression on my own mind, that I am induced to afford them every degree of publicity, through the medium of your widely circulated periodical, and warmly to recommend them to the attention of such of your readers as may not hitherto have considered the subject. A few remarks I have appended, which will not, I trust, be deemed irrelevant.

Scarlet fever of a very malignant and fatal character, raged in a gentleman's family residing in the North of England. When it had disappeared from amongst them, the rooms of the house were well ventilated, and one bedchamber, in particular, scoured, the carpets taken up, and beaten, and the hangings, curtains, &c. taken down, and shaken, or washed. Still, every visitor who afterwards slept in this room, took the scarlet fever: the dormitory was again subjected to sanitary measures,—but again, its next occupants were taken ill with the fever; and, for the third time, recourse was had to similar processes; and now, on a stricter investigation than before, of the cause of this extraordinary continuance of infection, a book, which had hitherto lain in a drawer, and been overlooked, was discovered, and suspected; it was removed, and the room, by succeeding occupants, slept in with safety!

Now, this book had not only lain in the chamber whilst the scarlet fever raged in the house, but had, probably, been read, and, in consequence, breathed upon, by the sick person; and porous paper, easily imbibing, and becoming saturated as it were, with infectious air and moisture, like a Leyden vial well charged, is all prepared to give a shock. A papered room has even, and not without just cause, been suspected to communicate infection: indeed, so notorious is the capability of paper to spread contagion, that in places where plague, and other pestilential disorders rage, excellent care is taken to prevent it, by the fumigation of lettem, &c., or their immersion in liquid anti-pests. But, in England, subject as we are to the visitation of those actual pestilences, small-pox, measles, scarlet fever, &c.—are we also as careful to prevent these disorders spreading by means of infected paper?—No, may assuredly be replied; at least, it is to be feared, we are not. A book, an amusing book, is generally called for, by the languishing invalid who retains his senses, and whose mental powers are not so prostrated but that he can read; and a book is, of course, procured from the family's stores, or the more extensive ones of the circulating library: this volume, when read, is exchanged for another,—and another,—and whilst the time allowed for the perusal of library books is too limited to give any overplus for the purposes of thorough purification, such, we may almost confidently assert, is seldom or ever dreamt of; and these books are thoughtlessly returned, with their pages imbued with infection, to communicate a pestilential disorder to their next readers.

We wish we could be certified that such carelessness does not exist; but, setting the higher grades of society apart, when we know that, in many places, trashy publications can be hired at a mere trifle per night, and that such are often the delectation of the labouring classes, ill or well, whilst they lend their own pamphlets of tale or song, amongst themselves, (never purified)—can we doubt that sundry infectious disorders are communicated, and rapidly spread, by infected books, as well as clothes, &c.; and that the fact could be proved, if inquired into, and the disorder traced?

Query—Would not tobacco be the best and cheapest fumigation, for the prevention of infection in books, &c., that could be used

M. L. B.

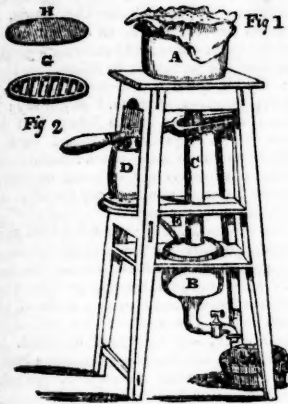
#### NEW CHEESE-PRESS.

In the cheese presses commonly made use of in this country, considerable difficulty is experienced in effecting a rapid and complete separation of the whey from curd, and in this respect, the most powerful presses have

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(New Cheese Press.)

References.—Fig. 1. A. vessel for curd; B. vessel for whey; C. tube from A to B; Air-pump for exhausting the air in B.; E. tube communicating from D to B; F. cock for letting off the whey from B. Fig. 2. False bottom for the vessel; G. wood frame; H. wire cloth.

little advantage over the simplest ones, or even over the expedients sometimes resorted to of exposing the curd in a net, in which it has no pressure but its own weight. The consideration of these circumstances having led to a trial, whether the separation of the whey from a mass of prepared curd could be effected by subjecting it to the pressure of the atmosphere on its upper surface, while this pressure should be partially removed from the lower one; it was found that it was easily done by a moderate degree of rarefaction, which could be attained by a very simple apparatus. The accompanying figure of an apparatus made on this principle will serve to explain what has been said. The Pneumatic Cheese Press, when of full size, may consist of a stand about three feet high, on the top of which may be fixed a tinned copper or zinc vessel, of any required capacity, (say eighteen inches diameter, and eighteen inches deep,) to contain the prepared curd. This vessel should have a loose bottom of ribbed work, covered with wire-cloth, from under which a small tube, nearly twelve inches long, should communicate with a close vessel, capable of containing all the whey which may be drawn from the curd in the upper vessel. At one side of the stand there may be a small pump-barrel of about seven inches deep, from the bottom of which a suction-pipe should communicate with the top of the whey vessel: the suction-pipe should terminate at its upper end in a valve opening upwards, and a piston, with a similar valve, should be placed in the pump-barrel,

and be worked by a jointed lever, as shown in the model. The process is to be conducted as follows:—The curd being prepared, and salted in the usual way, a cloth is to be put over and into the upper vessel, and the curd put lightly into it, excepting round the edges, where it should be packed quite close to the sides of the vessel, so that no air may pass that way; the pump-handle is then to be briskly worked for a few minutes, on which the pressure of the external air will force the whey to run down the tube into the whey vessel: when it ceases to run, a few strokes of the pump may be repeated. The cloth and its contents are then to be lifted bodily out of the curd-vessel, and to be put into a mould of close wire-work, with a weight placed over it, until it become firm enough to be handled. The moulds should stand on a sparred shelf to allow the air free access to all sides of the cheeses.—John Robison, Esq., Secretary of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in *Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland*.

## The Sketch-Book.

### HOW VERY EXTRAORDINARY!

#### A Venetian Incident.

"We have no rainbows now-a-days that will stay a quarter of an hour to be looked at."—*Goethe*.

[DURING my stay at Geneva I was induced to enter the shop of a broker, to inquire the price of a small picture which hung temptingly in his doorway. The subject represented was an elegantly-formed youth, dressed in the Italian costume, in the act of rising from a seat, and looking upon two other young men who were standing beside him. The expression of the former appeared to have been the chief attempt of the artist. Stupor, vexation, surprise, and drollery, were all mingled; and upon inquiring of the picture-dealer whether he knew the history of the painting, he replied, "You are not the first by many who have asked the same question: I esteem that picture so much, that the price I have put upon it has deterred several connoisseurs from purchasing it. The legend attached to it you will find written on this scroll of parchment. Take it to your hotel, and when you have perused it, return it to me." Thanking him for the offer, I hastened home, and read the following story.—*Dyke's Travelling Memoirs*]

A merrier man than Baptisto Biondetto, the barber, dwelt not in all Venice. 'Twas said, but we vouch not for the facts, nor do they matter to our history, that he had Moorish blood in his veins; that his grandfather had emigrated from Granada, and that his mother was my lady's lady to the beautiful Donna Teresa Campacino, of Truxillo. Without staying to elucidate these important matters, we proceed on our path. The barber was young, handsome, and poor. His "right merrie conceits" were sought after, not only by persons in his own sphere of life, but also by the young wits of higher grades in Venice; and consequently, in spite of numerous douceurs from his more wealthy patrons, his pockets were more frequently empty than overflowing with abundance.

The night was chill; the ponderous bell of St. Mark's cathedral had tolled the vesper-hour long since; and all the world in Venice was lounging in the place, except Baptisto, who, seated before a small but sparkling fire, was ruminating on the best means of raising a few ducats to defray the night's expenses. Fob after fob had he drawn out—all were empty; and even the ready-witted barber was in despair, seeing that old Grimaldi had refused to give him credit for another scudo. "Heigho!" sighed he, drawing a face so long that even his favourite cat, Signora Garcia, as he called her, mewed with affright. "Heigho!" another sigh from Baptisto; a louder mew from the Garcia. Our veritable history affirmeth that there was yet a third sigh, and one other mew; and that then the barber sank into a reverie, long, interesting, and profound. How long this fit of musing-melancholy lasted, we cannot, for certes, tell. Some chroniclers say an hour and twenty-three minutes; others contend that it continued but three-quarters of an hour.

Biondetto's speculations were interrupted by a rap, rap, rap, at his chamber-door. He started; for he had fastened the street-entrance; and how any person could have gained admittance was beyond his powers of conception. However, there certainly *was* a treble knock; ay, and even before his bewildered senses had rallied, the door opened, and, to his horror, a familiar of the "Council of Three" passed the threshold.

Our limits will not permit us to descant upon the inquisitorial system of government which ravaged the whole of Catholic Christendom at the period of which we write. If the reader wishes to become acquainted with that branch of it which rendered this city of merchant-princes a curse and a by-word, we point out Cooper's tale of "The Bravo," as giving an excellent idea of its intricate and cruel machinery.

When the barber beheld his unwelcome visitor, the ruddy red that denoted his Afrie descent left his visage, and he stood pale and trembling before the familiar. It was not sufficient that he felt himself innocent of crime: to be suspected was as dangerous to his life and happiness.

"Baptisto Biondetto, thy presence is required elsewhere!" exclaimed the messenger, in a tone of fierce authority; "follow me!"

"My dear sir, you are surely mistaken in your man," replied poor Baptisto; "I—I have no doubt but that you wanted my next-door neighbour, worthy Doctor Galleni: allow me to show you to his residence——"

"Biondetto! no trifling!—follow!"

And sure enough, the unlucky barber was obliged to tread in the familiar's footsteps, with the best grace he could assume; not forgetting, however, once more to express his fear lest his *worthy* companion should have

erred in his errand, by disturbing a wrong domicile. Issuing from the house, the stranger led the way down a flight of steps leading to the canal; and entering a gondola, motioned the perruquier to follow.

"My honoured friend—my dear sir—you are very good—very polite, I might say; but there is a freshness in the breeze that disagrees with a slight cough that I have the misfortune to possess—ahem! ahem!—and if your business is not of great urgency, I beg the favour to return to my fireside: dear me! how chill the night feels, and——"

There is no knowing what Baptisto would have said further, for his speech was stayed by a very significant movement of the familiar's hand towards his dagger-belt, where the moonbeam played upon a blade of glittering steel. The gondola shot out of the narrow canal, on the wharf of which the barber dwelt, and threading through a host of vessels of the same description, gained a secluded part of the city.

"Here," said the inquisitor, "you must submit to have your eyes bandaged."

"Oh! no consequence about that," rejoined the barber, quickly, "I am subject to the cataract; indeed, there is a legend in my family, forbidding——"

Another movement of the messenger's hand again cut short the sentence, and Baptisto was fain to submit to the operation. The gondola once more sped like lightning, and after some time juttet against a quay; and Baptisto found himself on *terra firma*.

"How very extraordinary!" silently ejaculated the victim, as he found himself hurried on by the grasps of two men. "How very terrible that a young man of my parts and immaculacy should be dragged before the tribunal in this way! and poor Julietta! heigho!" After various ambulatory movements, Baptisto was forced to ascend a flight of steps, and became aware that he had entered a building. They traversed a considerable space, and again ascended.

"Oh, Santo Marco!" groaned the barber, "that I should have lived to explore the recesses of the inquisition: some foul accusation put into the Lion's Mouth, I warrant me. How very extraordinary!" At length the conductors of the prisoner halted, and Biondetto felt their holds relaxed.

"Baptisto, it is the will of the holy inquisition that you wait here awhile, and alone; but do not dare to remove the bandage from thy sight!"

"But, my dear gentlemen, you forget the cataract. I question whether total blindness may not be produced, and that would be a dreadful thing to one whose business it is to renovate the head-gear of half the nobles of Venice."

"On peril of future pains, remove the kerchief until required!"

"Oh, obey, as to exclamation, moved, Baptisto his torso then all alone.

"How to be add, however them; agreeable shape t allowed Had I mind's hungry; if, as my bowstring The lo! inst apartne furnishe laid out itself to "San Cordova —but, h Baptisto and close untie the obeyed, an elder of Venice "Signa cuse the treated: so toward plained. ably to not in the Abbr "In don't say to relate noble Si that you to pack "For presence "I do "The commun Abrazza with you "Wit oh, dear "I ca all in my without death, a sent to a she succ

"Oh, very well, very well—to hear is to obey, as my Moorish grandfather was wont to exclaim. The bandage shall *not* be removed, if you insist upon it."

Baptisto heard the retreating footsteps of his tormentors, and the shutting of a door; then all was silent as the grave: he was alone.

"How *very* extraordinary!" quoth he, "to be immured in a dungeon; and I may add, how extremely unpleasant! The vaults, however, are not so cold as I expected to find them; in fact, the temperature is rather agreeable. I should like to see of what shape the cell is, and whether they have allowed a poor creature anything for supper. Had I not the stiletto and the rack in my mind's eye, I really believe I should feel hungry; at any rate I must have *one* peep, it, as my grandfather used to say, I suffer the bowstring for doing so."

The barber removed the bandage; and lo! instead of a dreary dungeon, a splendid apartment, brilliantly lighted, exquisitely furnished, and having a table on which was laid out a small but unique banquet, presented itself to his astonished gaze.

"Santo Marco, and the holy Mother of Cordova, defend me! how very extraordinary!—but, hush! footsteps!—on, bandage, on! Baptisto, what next?" The door opened, and closed, when a voice desired Baptisto to untie the kerchief. The barber quickly obeyed, and found himself in the presence of an elderly man, dressed in the patrician style of Venice.

"Signore Biondetto, you will, I trust, excuse the freedom with which you have been treated: there were weighty reasons for acting so towards you, which shall in time be explained. I am about to surprise, and probably to delight you, by saying that you are not in the inquisition, but in the palace of the Abruzzi."

"In the p-palace of the Abruzzi! you don't say so, Eccellenza! May it please you to relate why I have that felicity? If my noble Signore wishes to be shaved, I regret that your messenger did not allow me time to pack up my knick-knacks; if —"

"For no such purpose have I required your presence here. Attend!"

"I do, noble Signore! most heartily."

"Then know, I have excellent fortune to communicate. My niece, the Signora Sylvia Abrazza has, most strangely, fallen in love with you —"

"With me!—with a poor barber, Signore! oh, dear!"

"I candidly inform you, that I have done all in my power to dispel the absurdity, but without success. She had pined until near death, and I found myself compelled to consent to an introduction and marriage. Since she succeeded so far, she has recovered her

usual health, and you will be introduced to her this evening."

"My d-dear Signore—pardon the freedom—my most excellent Eccellenza—you are pleased to be merry."

"I am serious, and, although I have prejudices against the alliance, yet my niece's happiness is the primary consideration in my breast. Partake, Biondetto, of this repast; my attendants will afterwards conduct you to the tiring-room, whence you will proceed to the fair Signora."

Without awaiting a reply, the old gentleman left the room, and Baptisto gave vent to his joy by springing nearly to the ceiling. "How very extraordinary! Fortunate Baptisto! Oh, that my grandfather of Granada had lived until this blessed night!" Such were his exclamations, when several attendants entered the apartment, and he began to do justice to the fare set before him.

"Ah!" quoth the barber, smacking his lips, "after all, there is nothing like your wine of Cyprus. Your Falernian, and your Xeres, and occasionally your Cogniac, are all very well in their way; but for my part I prefer the Orientals." With sentences like this, did Baptisto amuse himself and the domestics during his repast; and then, motioning, with an air of consequence, that he was ready to retire, he was shown into a room in which were several rich habiliments, and all the necessary articles of a Venetian gentleman's toilet.

"Very good—very excellent, i'faith! this doublet is of the finest texture, and this mantle becoming. A gold chain! just as it should be—and now—" gazing in one of those magnificent mirrors for which Venice was so celebrated—"and now, Signore Baptisto Biondetto, thou lookest like thyself!"

A few promenades up and down the room, and as many glances in the mirror, convinced him that he was not only a good match for a Signora, but even that he was not to be despised by the daughter of the Doge herself. From the tiring-room he was led to a saloon, where every luxury served to promote indulgence. Marbles from the chisels of Phidias and Michael Angelo—the exquisite gems of Titian, Giorgione, and Sebastian del Piombo, whose works were then the glory of Venice—ottomans, from the Sublime Porte—perfumes, from Araby and Hindostan—lustres, blazing with naphtha and asphalt— and various other elegancies to delight the senses, lay revealed before the astonished barber. But not long had he inspected them, before a cabinet door opened, and the young and beautiful Signora stood before him.

We are miserable describers of beauty: we know what we ourselves admire; but this is not sufficient for the reader. We will therefore just say, that a lovelier woman the republic could not boast of. Her fair features

were lighted up by hazel eyes of glorious lustre, and there was a magic power, and laughing sweetness of countenance, that made the entranced Biondetto kneel down in homage before her. A few short sentences on either side made them acquainted with the feelings and sentiments of each other. The attempted excuses of the Signora were overwhelmed by the passionate exclamations of the barber. He breathed into her ears sentences so full of love that they were surpassed only by his vows of constancy and ejaculations of joy.

"Most adorable Abrazza! light of my heart, and index of maiden excellencies!—as my Moorish ancestor would have said—how can I sufficiently thank you for the honour you have done me, and for the ecstasy that thrills through my bursting soul: how can I, poor in estate, and humble in accomplishments—how can I make known how much I am beholden to my divine Signora?"

"By leading me to the altar, where a priest awaits us," replied the lady in a voice of sweetness.

"I fly with you, on the wings of ardour!" cried Baptisto, making an effort to rise:—but a severe blow levelled him to the earth, and he—**AWOKE!**

Instead of finding himself in the Abrazzi palace, he was still in his own house; and his two friends, Mercutio, the comedian, and Paoli, the maître d'hôtel at the Ostrich, were standing before him.

"Why, Master Baptisto, wert thou in Elysium, that thy slumbers were so sound? we have bellowed at thee these five minutes, and could only awake thee by bestowing a smart rap on thine epaulette. Wilt not thou go with us to the revels? for that purpose we visit thee."

"A plague on both your visits! you have spoiled the finest fortune in Venice. Sit down—I will tell you my somnolent adventures, and you will, I think, allow that they are *very extraordinary!*"

## The Public Journals.

### FRENCH AND ENGLISH COOKERY.

(Concluded from page 76.)

[From the sketches of the French artistes, we have only space to select a few traits.]

We despair of doing justice to a tithe of the distinguished personages who have grown rich and famous in the public practice of their art in France, but we must endeavour to signalize a few of them, and we shall excite no envy by mentioning such names as Rechaud, Merillion, Robert, Beauvilliers, Méot, Rose, Legacque, Léda, Brigaut, Naudet, Tailleur, Véry, Henneveu, and Baleine, because all and each of them are now generally regarded as historical. Of these, the

three first have been ingeniously characterized as the Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Rubens of cookery; and Beauvilliers was placed by acclamation at the head of the classical school, so called by way of contradistinction to the romantic school, of which the famous Carême is considered as the chief. Here again the philosophic observer will not fail to mark a close analogy between cookery and literature.\*

Beauvilliers made himself personally acquainted with all the marshals and generals of taste, without regard to country, and spoke so much of the language of each as was necessary for his own peculiar sort of intercourse. His memory, also, is reported to have been such, that, after a lapse of twenty years, he could remember and address by name persons who had been two or three times at his house; and his mode of profiting by his knowledge was no less peculiar than his aptness in acquiring and retaining it. Divining, as it were by instinct, when a party of distinction were present, he was wont to approach their table with every token of the profoundest submission to their will and the warmest interest in their gratification. He would point out one dish to be avoided, another to be had without delay; he would himself order a third, of which no one had thought, or send for wine from a cellar of which he only had the key; in a word, he assumed so amiable and engaging a tone, that all these extra articles had the air of being so many benefactions from himself. But this Amphitryon-like character lasted but a moment; he vanished after having supported it, and the arrival of the bill gave ample evidence of the party's having dined at a *restaurant*.

Carême is a lineal descendant of that celebrated *chef* of Leo X., who received the name of *Jean de Carême*, (*Jack of Lent*), for a soup-maigre which he invented for the pope. It is remarkable that the first decisive proof of genius given by our Carême himself was a sauce for fast-dinners. The competition for the services of an artist thus accomplished was, of course, unparalleled. Half the sovereigns of Europe were suitors to him. He was induced, by persevering solicitations, and the promise of a salary of 1000*l.*, to become *chef* to George IV., then Regent, but left him at the end of a few months, complaining that it was a *ménage bourgeois*. We have heard that, during the time he condescended to stay at Carlton

\* Dugald Stewart was struck by the analogy between cookery, poetry, and the fine arts, as appears from the following passage:—"Agreeably to this view of the subject, *sweet* may be said to be *intrinsically* pleasing, and *bitter* to be *relatively* pleasing; which both are, in many cases, equally essential to those effects, which, in the *art of cookery*, correspond to that *composite beauty* which it is the object of the painter and of the poet to create!"—*Philosophical Essays*.

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House, immense prices were given for his second-hand *pâtés*, after they had made their appearance at the Regent's table. The Emperors of Russia and Austria made new advances to him upon this occasion—but in vain;—*mon ame* (says he,) *toute Française, ne peut vivre qu'en France*;—and he ended by accepting an engagement with Baron Rothschild of Paris, who nobly sustains the characteristic reputation of a *financier*. As example is always better than precept, we subjoin Lady Morgan's sketch of a dinner by Carême at the Baron Rothschild's villa:

"I did not hear the announcement of *Madame est servie* without emotion. We proceeded to the dining-room, not as in England by the printed orders of the red-book, but by the law of the courtesy of nations, whose only distinctions are made in favour of the greatest strangers. The evening was extremely sultry, and, in spite of Venetian blinds and open verandas, the apartments through which we passed were exceedingly close. A dinner in the largest of them threatened much inconvenience from the heat; but on this score there was no ground for apprehension. The dining-room stood apart from the house, in the midst of orange trees: it was an elegant, oblong pavilion of Grecian marble, refreshed by fountains that shot in air through scintillating streams, and the table, covered with the beautiful and picturesque dessert, emitted no odour that was not in perfect conformity with the freshness of the scene and fervour of the season. No burnished gold reflected the glaring sunset, no brilliant silver dazzled the eyes; porcelain, beyond the price of all precious metals by its beauty and its fragility, every plate a picture, consorted with the general character of sumptuous simplicity which reigned over the whole, and showed how well the masters of the feast had consulted the genius of the place in all.

"To do justice to the science and research of a dinner so served, would require a knowledge of the art equal to that which produced it; its character, however, was, that it was in season,—that it was up to its time,—that it was in the spirit of the age,—that there was no *perruque* in its composition,—no trace of the wisdom of our ancestors in a single dish,—no high-spiced sauces, no dark brown gravies, no flavour of cayenne and allspice, no tincture of catsup and walnut pickle, no visible agency of those vulgar elements of cooking of the good, old times, fire and water. Distillations of the most delicate viands, extracted in silver dews, with chemical precision—

"On tepid clouds of rising steam"—

formed the *fond* all. Every meat presented its own natural aroma—every vegetable its

own shade of verdure: the *mayonese* was fried in ice, (like Ninon's description of Sevigné's heart,) and the tempered chill of the *plombière*, (which held the place of the eternal *fondue* and *soufflets* of our English tables,) anticipated the stronger shock, and broke it, of the exquisite *avalanche*, which, with the hue and odour of fresh-gathered nectarines, satisfied every sense, and dissipated every coarser flavour.

"With less genius than went to the composition of this dinner, men have written epic poems; and if crowns were distributed to cooks as to actors, the wreath of Pasta or Sontag, (divine as they are,) were never more fairly won than the laurel which should have graced the brow of Carême for this specimen of the intellectual perfection of an art, the standard and gauge of modern civilization. Cruelty, violence, and barbarism, were the characteristics of the men who fed upon the tough fibres of half-dressed oxen; humanity, knowledge, and refinement belong to the living generation, whose tastes and temperance are regulated by the science of such philosophers as Carême, and such Amphitryons as his employers!"—*France in 1829-30.*

In the course of the evening, Lady Morgan requested Madame Rothschild to present Carême to her. The illustrious *chef* joined the circle in the *salon* accordingly; and we are sorry we have not space for the affecting and instructive interview which ensued—

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

The *Rocher de Cancale* first grew into reputation by its oysters, which, about the year 1804, M. Balaine, the founder of the establishment, contrived the means of bringing to Paris fresh and in the best possible order at all seasons alike; thus giving a direct practical refutation of the prejudice, that oysters are good in those months only which include the canine letter.

We must not take leave of the *Rocher de Cancale*, without earnestly recommending its *rouges-gorges* and *grenouilles*, robin-red-breasts and frogs, to the special attention of the amateur. Frogs fried, with crisped parsley, such as is given with fried eels at Salisbury, are a dish for the gods; and we gladly take this opportunity of correcting the prevalent notion of their dearness. The *carte* is now before us, and *grenouilles frites* are marked at the moderate price of a franc and a half per *plat*.

The time has been when Grignon's was the most popular house in Paris, though it must be owned, we fear, that its popularity was in some sort owing to an attraction a little alien from the proper purpose of a *restaurant*: two damsels of surpassing beauty presided at the comptoir. But it had and has other merits, of a kind that will be most



particularly appreciated by an Englishman. All the simple dishes are exquisite, and the fish, (the rarest of all things at Paris,) is really fresh.

The early fame of the Vêrys was gained by their judicious application of the *truffe*. Their *entrées truffées* were universally allowed to be inimitable from the first, and they gradually extended their reputation till it embraced the whole known world of cookery.

The *Café de Paris* is a delightful place to dine in during fine weather, by daylight; the rooms are the most splendid in Paris; and though the price of every thing is nearly a third higher than the average rate even in the best houses, the tables are almost always full; so we need hardly add that it is completely *à la mode*.

If you pass in front of Périgord's, a few doors from Vêry's, in the Palais Royal, about seven, you will see a succession of small tables, occupied each by a single gastronome, eating with all the gravity and precision becoming one of the most arduous duties of life—an unequivocal symptom of a *cuisine recherchée*. But the rooms, consisting merely of a ground-floor and an *entresol*, are so hot and close, that it is always with fear and trembling that any English *savant* can venture to dine in them; a pure air being, in his opinion, absolutely necessary to the full enjoyment of the aroma of a dish.

Hardy and Riche have been condemned to a very critical kind of notoriety by a pun—"Pour dîner chez Hardy, il faut être riche; et pour dîner chez Riche, il faut être hardi." We never were hardly enough to try Riche, but those who are rich enough to try Hardy, will still find a breakfast fully justifying the commendation of Mr. Robert Fudge:—

"I strut to the old café Hardy, which yet  
Beats the field at a *déjeuner à la fourchette*:  
Then Dick, what a breakfast! oh, not like your ghost  
Of a breakfast in England, your curst tea and toast;  
But a sideboard, you dog, where one's eye roves  
about,

Like a Turk's in the harem, and thence singles out  
One's paté of larks, just to tune up the throat,  
One's small limbs of chicken, done *en papillote*;  
One's erudite cutlets, *drest* always, but plain—  
Or one's kidneys—imagine, Dick—done with champagne;

Then some glasses of Beanne, to dilute—or mayhap,  
Chambertin, which you know's the pet tippie of Nap.  
Your coffee comes next, by prescription, and then,  
Dick's

The coffee's we'er failing and glorious appendix—  
A neat glass of *parfait-amour*, which one sips  
Just as if bottled velvet tipp'd over one's lips."

Tortoni, however, the Gunter of Paris, is the favourite, just at present, for a *déjeuner*; and *parfait-amour* is obsolete.

The following advice may still also be implicitly depended upon:

"If some who're Lotharios in feeding, should wish  
Just to flirt with a luncheon, (a devilish bad trick,  
As it takes off the bloom of one's appetite, Dick)—

To the *Passage des*—what d'ye call't—*des Passeramas*,

We quicken our pace, and there heartily cram as  
Seducing young *pâtes* as ever could cozen  
One out of one's appetite, down by the dozen."

The place intended to be indicated, we presume, is M. Felix's, who preserves his reputation in all its pristine purity. The demand for his *pâtes* is said to vary between twelve and fifteen thousand a day.

We have introduced these particulars, to account for the universal diffusion of the French taste in cookery over Europe; but in all other countries it is mostly confined to private houses, so that, to avoid playing the Paul Pry of the kitchen, we shall be henceforth driven to be more general in our remarks. This, however, need not prevent our mentioning the *hôtels* and *restaurateurs* in Germany, Italy, and the Low Countries, where a *cuisine* peculiarly *recherchée* is to be found. To the best of our information, the following may be fairly placed in the first class:—Jagor's\* at Berlin, the *Hôtel de France* at Dresden, the *Schoen* and the *Grand Duke Charles* at Vienna, the *Old Doel* or *Doelen* at the Hague, and *Rebecchino Vecchio* at Milan, where the famous *minestra del riso* may be tasted in the highest perfection. We have observed excellent dinners at many other places, as at Aix-la-Chapelle, Baden, and Strasburg, (which should be visited for the sake of the *foie gras*); but we are here speaking exclusively of places to be made objects in an artistical tour. If you take the St. Gothard road, the red trout from the lake near Andermatt must be studied; they are, we rather think, the very finest trout in Europe. In passing the Simplon, again, the tourist should not forget to ask for a *pâté de chamois* at the little inn upon the top; should he pass within a moderate distance of the lake of Como, we earnestly recommend him to try the trout; and at Rome, the wild boar will be found worthy of its classical fame.† With regard to the national dishes of the countries above mentioned, so little pains have been taken in cultivating them, that they will rarely, and then by accident, be found worthy of the attention of the connoisseur, when he has once made himself acquainted with their quality.

In Italy, again, whenever the thoughts of the amateur turn on eating, the object is pretty certain to be French. The Old World is not behindhand with the New in this enthusiasm for the cookery of France; amongst the other special missions intrusted to M. Armand de Brémont by Bolivar, was that of

\* Jagor is famous for Champagne. We have been told, on good authority, that he sells not less than 30,000 bottles per annum, but we are not quite sure that the whole is consumed upon the premises.

† By the way, the only attraction of Athens in our time is the turkey fattened on the olives of Mount Hymettus.

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bringing over the best French cook he could entice.

We have now cleared the way for England. It seems allowed on all hands that a first-rate dinner in England is out of all comparison better than a dinner of the same class in any other country; for we get the best cooks, as we get the best singers and dancers, by bidding highest for them, and we have cultivated certain national dishes to a point which makes them the envy of the world. In proof of this bold assertion, which is backed, moreover, by the unqualified admission of Ude, we request attention to the *menu* of the dinner given in May last to Lord Chesterfield, on his quitting the office of Master of the Buckhounds, at the Clarendon. The party consisted of thirty; the price was six guineas a head; and the dinner was ordered by Comte d'Orsay, who stands without a rival amongst connoisseurs in this department of art. [We omit the *menu*, as it is mostly French, and the names of several of the dishes are untranslatable.]

The reader will not fail to observe how well the English dishes—turtle, white bait, and venison,—relieve the French in this dinner, and what a breadth, depth, solidity, and dignity, they add to it. Green goose, also, may rank as English, the goose being held in little honour, with the exception of its liver, by the French; but we think Comte d'Orsay did quite right in inserting it. The execution is said to have been pretty nearly on a par with the conception, and the whole entertainment was crowned with the most inspiring success. The moderation of the price must strike every one. A tradition has reached us of a dinner at *The Albion*, under the auspices of the late venerable Sir William Curtis, which cost the party between thirty and forty pounds a piece. We have also a vague recollection of a bet as to the comparative merits of the Albion and York House (Bath) dinners, which was formally decided by a dinner of unparalleled magnificence, and nearly equal cost at each; or rather not decided, for it became a drawn bet, the Albion beating in the first course, and the York House in the second. But these are reminiscences on which, we frankly own, no great reliance is to be placed.

It is very far from our intention to attempt a *catalogue raisonné* of the different hotels and club-houses of London, similar to that which we have hazarded of the *restaurants* of France, nor can we pretend to balance the pretensions of the artists of acknowledged reputation amongst us. We shall merely enumerate a few very distinguished names for the enlightenment of the rising generation and of posterity. Such are Ude, Lefevre, Bony, Martin, Hall, Crepin, Francatelli, Collins, and Loyer,—all at present residing in London; with whom Boyer,

ci-devant cook to the Marquis of Worcester, and now master of the Bell at Leicester, richly merits to be associated. The celebrated *chef* of the late Marquis of Abercorn, who refused to accompany the Duke of Richmond to Ireland, at a salary of 400*l.* a year, on hearing that there was no Italian opera at Dublin, was burnt to death in Lisle-street, some years ago; and we remember a fair friend of ours exultingly declaring that she had partaken of one of his *posthumous* pies. These great artists, with others whose names are not now present to our memory, have raised cookery in England to a state which really does honour to the age.

We are now arrived at the conclusion of our sketch of the history and present state of cookery, and have only a single cautionary observation to add. Without appliances and means to boot, it is madness to attempt *entrées* and *entremets*; and "better first in a village than second in Rome," is a maxim peculiarly applicable to cookery. "A good soup, a small turbot, a neck of venison, duckling with green peas or chicken with asparagus, and an apricot tart, is a dinner for an emperor—when he cannot get a better;"—so said the late accomplished Earl of Dudley, and we agree with him: but let peculiar attention be given to the accessories. There was profound knowledge of character in the observation of the same statesman on a deceased Baron of the Exchequer.—"He was a good man, sir, an excellent man; he had the best melted butter I ever tasted in my life."

### The Gatherer.

*Cat and Parrot.*—A friend of mine had kept for many years a parrot, which he did not confine in a cage, but allowed the range of the house and garden: as a common appendage in a house, he had likewise a cat. A very remarkable attachment existed between them: how it had first arisen, I could not learn; but it showed itself in every imaginable form: they procured food for each other, and when Poll wished his head scratched, he would make his companion understand by signs, and she complied with an appearance of great satisfaction. At length, Puss had kittens, and the parrot immediately set about installing himself into their good graces, as well as their mother's: this he soon accomplished, and in such a degree, that the little ones hardly knew on which to bestow the greatest share of their affection. J. N. B. Y.

*A Good Servant.*—Cowper, in one of his delightful letters, writes:—"I have a servant who is the very mirror of fidelity and affection for his master. And whereas the Turkish Spy says, he kept no servant because he could not have an enemy in his

house, I hired mine because I would have a friend. Men do not usually bestow these encomiums on their lackeys, nor do they usually deserve them; but I have had experience of mine, both in sickness and in health, and never saw his fellow."

**Berkshire.**—Mr. Pitt once observed that "no minister of this country could command ten votes in Berkshire." A higher testimony could not be given to the virtuous independence of its inhabitants.

**Training Children.**—Some dangerous theorists hold that vehemence of passion proves strength of feeling; that people of warm tempers have necessarily warm affections; and that a boy's spirit should not be broken. They never consider that a burst of passion is neither more nor less than a burst of selfishness, and that the individual who does more injury in one hour of anger than he could undo, perhaps, in years of willing toil, is likely to make his friends wish that his feelings had only the usual and average strength of their own, and that his spirit had been curbed only by his reason.—*Hon. Mrs. Norton.*

**Temperance.**—The *New York American* contains an abstract of the Annual Report of the American Temperance Society, by which it appears there are State Temperance Societies in every State but one; that there are 8,000 local Societies, and that 1,200 American vessels are now navigating the ocean without the use of alcohol.

**Grecian Antiquities.**—A room at the Institute at Paris, has been converted into a museum for models of the celebrated monuments of Greece, of which there are 77 upon a small scale; for the most part executed by M. Stephane Poulain. Inscriptions in Greek, Latin, and French, are placed on each, indicating their origin and dates, which are from twenty to twenty-five centuries back, with a succinct account of their history. The museum, which is open to the public, is called the Musée Pelasgique.—*Paris Advertiser.*

The newly invented paper, called the *papier de sûreté*, is invaluable for those desirous to guarantee against an erasure, or the alteration of a word, as any chemical process to obtain this end discolours the paper, and thus leads to detection.

**Ancient Vessel.**—In making a new sluice to the citadel of Calais, an ancient vessel, 45 feet in length, 12 in breadth, and 8 in depth, was discovered in the ground; strongly built, though its measurement does not exceed 80 tons, and has evidently never been covered with a deck. Coins were found in it with the date of 1219, and as it lay 12 feet below the foundations of the inner wall of the fortifications erected by the Count de Boulogne, it is to be presumed that the vessel

was not discovered at that period. It cannot be ascertained whether it was ever at sea, but there is reason to believe it was erected before Calais was made a regular port, and when the sea ran far up the present land.—*Paris Advertiser.*

A new tulip, reared by M. Patrix, a gardener at Ghent, and which the Society of Florists of the town has named the "*Citadel of Antwerp*," has been purchased by Mr. Vanderninck, a horticulturist of Amsterdam, at the price of 16,000 francs!

The palace of St. Germain, near Paris, is about to be converted into a military penitentiary prison, upon the American plan.

**Travelling.**—A gentleman lately arrived in Paris from Shrewsbury, *via* London, Dover, and Calais, upwards of 400 miles, in 55 hours, including stoppages!—*Paris Advertiser.*

**Idleness** appears always to have been considered by the Dutch as a crime, and one which was formerly rather too severely punished, if we may judge from a curious contrivance shown at Amsterdam. It is a confined place, into which a stream of water entered one side, with a pump on the other, so that if the culprit did not incessantly work at the pump, he must inevitably be drowned.

**The Haarlem Organ.**—The organist demands fourteen florins, or twenty-four shillings, for playing this stupendous instrument. This is certainly playing to some tune.

**Bulletins.**—In many of the towns of Holland, when one of a family is ill, it is customary to hang out upon the front door of the house a daily bulletin of the health of the invalid; and, if it be a case of *accouchement*, a board, tastefully ornamented with a fringe of lace or plaited linen, describes the health of mamma and the little one.

At Aix-la-Chapelle, there can be little occasion for heating the copper upon a washing day; since the women wash clothes in the hot streams in the different parts of the town.

**Singular Motto.**—Monsieur de Seze, the undaunted defender of Louis XVI, received from Louis XVIII. the grant of his arms, the three towers of the Temple, at Paris, and the motto, "Dec. 26th, 1792."

**German Roads.**—The high roads of Germany are excellent—certainly equal to those of England, and their by-roads are much superior. These are not paved, but Macadamized.—*Dyke.*

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